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performance would produce in me only an admiration for his skill, but I should not doubt the truth I had acquired.

"Then I was convinced that all knowledge which I did not possess in this manner, and of which I had not this kind of certitude, could inspire me with neither confidence nor assurance, and that all knowledge without assurance is not a sure knowledge."*

How little the phenomena of spiritualism are reconcilable with the tests laid down by Algazzali every candid, intelligent, and educated inquirer knows.

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND.

ART. II. — *The Discovery of the Great West.* BY FRANCIS PARKMAN, Author of "Pioneers of France in the New World," and "The Jesuits in North America." Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1869. 12mo. pp. 425.

IN this volume Mr. Parkman renews, and most effectively vindicates, his claim as an historian of a high order, alike from the dignity and interest of his theme, and from the thoroughness, ability, and power of sympathy with which he has treated it. With rare persistency of purpose and unwearied researches, in spite of physical drawbacks and the penalties visited in his case upon intellectual labor, he has steadily wrought upon the rich and fresh theme whose promise and attractions he recognized more than a quarter of a century ago. His whole subject is, the history of French enterprise, exploration, discovery, colonization, and dominion in North America. This theme he might have dealt with continuously, in chronological order, keeping up the thread of his narrative and disposing his biographical sketches and the episodes of his story into the chapters and volumes of a work under one comprehensive title. The other, the preferable method as he has proved, was to make separate works from the leading characters and episodes of the whole subject. The history of French enterprise on this con-

* Essai sur les Écoles philosophiques chez les Arabes et notamment sur la Doctrine d'Algazzali. Par Auguste Schmölders, Docteur en Philosophie. Paris. 1842.

continent presents just such distinct and salient incidents and themes as would naturally invite and favor the latter method of dealing with them. Mr. Parkman does not mention on his title-page his "Conspiracy of Pontiac," which, though the first in the series of his historical publications, is concerned with the tragic incidents of the last struggles of France for dominion on our northern and western borders. But that work must, of course, be regarded as marking the limit of his subject, and the remaining space was to be filled, as in such large measure it has been, by the three volumes which have followed it, and by the promise of the next, which is to treat of the struggles of monarchy and feudalism under Louis for permanent sway on this continent.

When an author undertakes a work of such extent and of so exacting a character, having in view our modern standard for the composition of history, namely, that the subject should be in itself deserving of an elaborate treatment, and that it should be faithfully wrought out of authentic materials of the first value, it is easy to measure the degree of his success, and consequently to estimate our obligations to him. We have only to regard the amount and relative value of the literature of the subject previously accessible to us, and fairly to appreciate the addition which the new writer has made to the sum and accuracy of our knowledge about his subject, and the new attractions of style, method, and illustration which he has given to it.

There was a remarkable and grievous deficiency in our historical literature on all that related to the course and incidents of French colonization on this continent, whether regard be had to the subject in its comprehensive relations or the special themes of Mr. Parkman's volumes. There is no question but that French enterprise, not to say accomplishments, in colonial exploration and missionary efforts, may claim precedence over that of all other nationalities in the New World. If the allotments of success and power and permanent possession were made in human affairs in consistency with our ordinary estimates of what is fair and reasonable, the French empire would now be holding permanent possession of the larger portion of the territory of the United States and of British America. And this would of right be so, not because France ever as a government organized and administered a costly,

complicated, and persistent expedition or system of measures for exploring and colonizing the continent, for no European government ever did that, even approximately. It was not the fashion of governments two centuries ago to devise and support commissions for such purposes. But the French explorers had a semi-official patronage from their monarch and his ministers; they were backed by large pecuniary supplies from men in power and by civil and religious corporations; and, more than all, they practically did the work of opening the wilderness to the knowledge and civilization of Europe. The English colonists of New England seem to have never been urged by the impulses of curiosity or interest to any efforts to explore the interior of the continent. A single expedition into the wilds of New Hampshire to trace the upper waters of the Merrimack, in order to settle the disputed question of the bounds of the Massachusetts patent, is all that our records recognize of Puritan enterprise in the work of exploration. The Dutch, in their fort at the head of tide-waters on the Hudson, had established a few trucking-places along the valley of the Mohawk, but their adventure stopped within those limits. French navigators, Cartier, Champlain, and their companions and successors, made successive voyages with redoubled efforts, and renewed supplies for the purpose of obtaining a permanent and ever-extending dominion on our northern boundaries; and they affiliated with the natives in the common interests of commerce, while Jesuits and Récollets held their own jealous rivalries in check at the prompting of religious zeal for the conversion of the savages to the Church. Then a series of costly and arduous expeditions was organized under able men, burghers and nobles, for opening the depths of the continent and bringing its capacities of wealth and the glory of its possession under the single sway of France. The preliminary work was in fact accomplished while English and Dutch settlers on or near the Atlantic border were content with clearing the forests and profiting by the tillage and the trade within their limited confines. The French were the real explorers of our territory. The rivers, headlands, bays, lakes, and portages on our Canadian and Western frontiers all received either a French name or a French reproduction of their Indian appellations. Till the period of the French

war there was scarce a backwoodsman, or a straggler from civilization, to be found beyond our settlements, who was not a Frenchman, or a half-breed of that lineage. Yet France has nothing of empire now to show within these vast territories. Her Northern and Western possessions, protected by a chain of forts, were wrenched from her in war, and she parted with the last portion of her domain at the South for money.

If then only history, only a record of bold designs, of heroic efforts and tragic catastrophes, remains to France of her enterprise and achievements on this continent, all the more reason is there that this history should be written and illustrated with fidelity and genius. It has never yet been adequately dealt with, but if it has been waiting for a competent and willing narrator, it has found one in Mr. Parkman. Of course, on this subject, as on all others of similar importance and interest, there was already a somewhat voluminous and varied literature, and a vast number of published documents of fragmentary and partial character. But the defects and imperfections and errors, which are peculiarly grave and misleading in all that we had in print on this large theme, would have rendered any work which was confined to a re-editing or digesting of these materials wholly unsatisfactory. The unpublished documents, letters, papers, journals, and official records, now scattered widely, now preserved with care or jealousy in public archives or in private repositories, have in their trust the true history, especially of such actors and enterprises as enter into this range of narrations. A rude map or outline, a municipal register, a muster-roll, a notary's process, an ecclesiastical or marine or judicial entry minuted on an otherwise valueless paper, may settle one of the most important facts on which a critical question turns. It was by intelligent and patient search for such materials of truthful history that Mr. Parkman qualified himself for his undertaking. The personal inquisition that he has made for them in France and Rome and Canada, and the expense requisite for procuring copies of an immense mass of them, accrue to the benefit of each of us who reads his volumes in the quiet and comfort of his evening fire or under the shadow of his piazza. It may be well for such readers, while exercising their imaginations about the intrepid characters and

the wild scenes presented in Mr. Parkman's pages, to give a thought to his own elaborate and conscientious efforts to qualify himself as a narrator. Not the least among his qualifications is the knowledge which he has reached, by personal visits and inquiries, of the regions and the localities which were the scenes of his histories. But most of all we must account among his special capacities for his work his own native taste, his aptitude, and his acquired skill for dealing with the scenery and the conditions of wilderness life, and with the characteristics and habits of the aborigines.

Though La Salle, the hero of the great enterprise to which Mr. Parkman devotes the present volume, used his honest and skilful pen to good purpose, he put nothing into print. Some of his associates and subordinates who were in the main friendly to him, as well as many who were hostile to him, or represented rival interests, were directly or indirectly the authors of several publications. Supposing all these to be truthful, or intended to be so in their contents, — a supposition which is quite wide of the facts in this case, — these publications would necessarily fall far short of serving as authorities, unless used by an historian who could go behind them all, with independent knowledge and a faculty of penetrating the secrets which such documents would be unlikely to reveal, even if they made no attempts to hide or to misinterpret. There is much actual perversion and falsification in many of those documents. The stout and on the whole deserving Father Hennepin, one of the readier scribes of the expedition, — the first white man who described from eyesight the Falls of Niagara and of St. Antony, — was, as Mr. Parkman entitles him, a great liar. He seems to have had the same facility and ingenuity which prompted the more famous Captain John Smith to introduce wholly new and inconsistent statements in successive narrations of his adventures. Intrigue and the fierce clashing of rival pecuniary and religious interests and schemes form the warp and woof alike of the published and the manuscript materials for this history. To inform himself fully about all these jealousies requires wide research on the part of a modern writer ; and to be able to trace his way wisely through them is a serious demand upon his discretion and candor.

Besides the full exercise of his own efforts in qualifying himself for his task and in the gathering of resources, Mr. Parkman has had a most efficient and valuable helper in M. Pierre Margry, assistant custodian of the Archives of the Marine and Colonies at Paris, himself a most laborious and successful worker in the mine of French history and in some departments of our own. Likewise family papers of La Salle, and other important documents, have been furnished to Mr. Parkman by the Abbé Faillon, the author of *La Colonie Française en Canada*. Mr. Parkman may thus be taken as a safe arbiter when, as is frequently his needful office in the course of his narrative, he has to decide disputed points which touch the good repute of officials or prominent actors in the history he recounts, or to clear up doubtful points concerning localities or the course taken by different adventurers. There is no partisanship in his spirit or arguments. Of course the members of the Society of Jesus will have grievances against him, for he has given some very candid expressions of his own views as to the mundane and thrifty motives which came, after a time, to qualify their early singleness of zeal as missionaries of the cross to barbarians. But if any champion of the society shall undertake criticism or rejoinder, he will have to deal with the facts and witnesses which stand behind Mr. Parkman. Nor will any new documents or arguments which may be brought forward to traverse his decisions receive a fairer appreciation or use from any one than from himself.

“The Discovery of the West” is, rightfully, the comprehensive title of the volume now in our hands. Of this the tracing of the tributaries of the Mississippi, and the following of its course into the Gulf, and the ascent of it in a canoe, are the crowning achievements. But the mouth of the river had a century before been seen by the Spaniards, as had also a few leagues of its lower waters. This prior discovery of the outlet of the great stream into a basin which received so many muddy supplies had itself wellnigh passed into oblivion, and had never been turned to any uses save simply to sustain a traditionary Spanish prerogative, and to furnish a basis for hostility against adventurers of any other nationality who might presume at any time to attempt a temporary or permanent occupation of the im-

mense area which the river drained. Jean Nicolle was the first Frenchman who penetrated to one of the northern tributaries of the Mississippi. He had been some twenty years in Canada, and had become famous as an interpreter. An Indian in his habits, he still remained a zealous Catholic, and, we are told, returned to civilized life in order to enjoy its comforts. He had spent eight or nine years with the Nepissings, on the lake of that name. Here he had heard a story of a strange people without beard or hair, who came from the farther West to trade with a tribe beyond the Great Lakes. If he had had his life prolonged to our day, and on one of his Western tramps had come upon a working party of Coolies on the Pacific Railroad, his vision would have been substantially realized. But while he anticipated a fact which time was to accomplish, he was slightly confused as to localities, routes, and modes of conveyance. He inferred that these shorn and beardless traders from our own far West, who proved to be simply Winnebagoes, were Chinese or Japanese. Before the mystery had been cleared up, Nicolle welcomed an opportunity of being sent on an embassy to the supposed Orientals; and that he might meet them as became the importance of the occasion, he had a dress of ceremony prepared for himself, — “a robe of Chinese damask embroidered with birds and flowers.” Thus apparelled he approached the strangers, holding a pistol in either hand. “The squaws and children fled, screaming that it was a manitou, or spirit, armed with thunder and lightning; but the chiefs and warriors regaled him with so bountiful a hospitality that a hundred and twenty beavers were devoured at a single feast.”

La Salle was likewise persuaded that the nations of the East were accessible from Canada by a canoe-voyage, with occasional portages. Of this fancy there is a fitting memorial in the name *La Chine*, still borne by the tract of land and the rapids above it nine miles from Montreal, on the St. Lawrence, which constituted the original *seigneurie* given to La Salle by the priests of St. Sulpice, its feudal proprietors. Before his enterprise was undertaken there had been a fancy that the Orient might be approached through the northwestern lakes and streams entered by the Ottawa, and an expedition

under Champlain had tested the theory. Just before the coming of La Salle, the trading Indians who visited Quebec and Montreal gave more emphatic though still mysterious reports of a great river in the West which flowed to the salt sea ; and these reports, in still more definite shape, excited the missionaries who had pierced to the farthest outposts on the lakes. La Salle imagined that the river emptied into the Vermilion Sea or Gulf of California, though he was not so mastered by this fancy as not to admit the alternative outlet which he afterwards verified.

Robert Cavalier de La Salle, born at Rouen in 1643, came of a good burgher though not a noble stock. He had, however, the nobility of nature. Self-reliant, independent, and reserved, generally the master of his passions and impulses, dauntless and generous, and with dignity and perseverance to sustain him under reverses, and to enable him to triumph over the opposition of man and nature, he was especially fitted for his enterprise. He was a devout Catholic, though independent of arbitrary control in religion. In his early years he had been under the influence of the Jesuits, and, it would seem, had been employed by them as a school-teacher. But he freed himself from the control of a system which required only obedience, and left no place for one like himself, capable of originating and conducting an enterprise of transcendent importance. He had an elder brother in Canada, a Sulpitian abbé. Arriving at Montreal in 1666, with the ardent enthusiasm of youth, and with so slender a patrimony as to throw him upon his own resources, he accepted the seigniorship given him by the priests of the seminary, evidently only because its possession might yield him aid in prosecuting the great enterprise of his life. The most definite information he could obtain represented the Ohio and the Mississippi as one stream, the passage of which to the sea would require eight or nine months. Rough clearings, bordered by the primeval forests, the lurking-places of a treacherous and savage foe, and but half subdued and fitted for the uses of civilized life, represented the stage of French colonization at that time. Still a vigorous and profitable trade in furs had already furnished occasion for rival interests and for sharp feuds among the colonists. La

Salle found party spirit and strife running high. If to the early Jesuit missionaries, who with all-enduring patience and heroism attested their zeal under awful sufferings and tortures, we allow a higher place on the roll of willing martyrs in the work of converting barbarians than we assign to those whose faith was best represented by the labors of Eliot and the Mayhews, we are at liberty to suggest that a heart divided between the interests of worldly profit and religion is chargeable alike against Jesuits and Puritans on this continent. La Salle, from the beginning to the end of his career, found himself involved in enmities and embarrassments originating in rivalries and monopolies created by trade. Mr. Parkman feels justified in affirming, with full evidence adduced, that the period with which he is dealing was a critical one in this respect. The early Jesuit zeal, in its single-heartedness and intensity for the conversion of the savages, had declined, or rather had become mingled with secular aims, which were changing the enterprise of France in Canada from that of a mission to that of a thriving colony. The Jesuits would appear to have transferred the place of realizing their dream of a new Paraguay from the borders of the Great Lakes to the valley of the West; but in the transfer the element of thrift had displaced the unworldliness of devotion.

La Salle at once gave himself with such diligence to the acquisition of the Indian tongues, that he is reported within less than three years to have mastered the Iroquois and seven or eight other languages or dialects. He spent two or three years in improving his seigniory, and then sold it back again, mostly to the seminary, to secure the means for carrying out the project of exploration for which at Quebec he had won the countenance, though not the pecuniary aid, of Courcelles, the Governor, and Talon, the Intendant, of Canada. He hired fourteen men and bought four canoes, with supplies. At the same time the Sulpitians at Montreal, jealous alike of the civil and ecclesiastical ascendancy of the Jesuits, had devised a reinforcement of their mission farther west, in which the Abbé Fénélon, elder brother of the famous archbishop, was a laborer. Courcelles advised that La Salle should combine his with the seminary's expedition, under the priests Dollier and Galinée, who had three canoes

and seven hired men. The priests were fit men, but La Salle, as it proved, could not share authority.

On the 6th of July, 1669, the joint party, comprising twenty-four men in seven canoes, starting from La Chine, — hopefully significant in its name of the land which the leader intended to reach, — embarked on the Lake of St. Louis, stemmed the dangerous rapids of the St. Lawrence, and threaded their way through the Thousand Isles. With the party were two canoes of Senecas who had wintered with La Salle, and who were to be his guides. What followed is to us romance. The whole expedition is rich in subjects for the painter and the poet. Its experiences, while not without their fascinations for the hardy and disciplined among the adventurers, had many stern features and were full of appalling risks. To intrust all their supplies of food, ammunition, medicine, clothing, and presents for Indians to birchen canoes; to guide these frail barks through sedgy streams and rapids and by treacherous lake shores; to unlade and relade them at the frequent portages, hiding a portion of their burden as the craft themselves and their cargoes were transported on the shoulders in successive tramps through the tangled and oozy forests; — these were prudential and physical tasks to which men of nerve and muscle might readily adapt themselves. But to extemporize their pilotage, to venture into the solitudes and mysteries of the wilderness, to learn how to economize labor by an acute study of natural phenomena, and to supply their wants by hunting, while on the watch night and day against a wily foe who had not learned the amenities of civilized warfare, — these exigencies demanded qualities which are recognized as latent in human beings only when extraordinary emergencies call them forth. Yet it is surprising with what facility of adaptation and resource men born to quite other surroundings and circumstances in the Old World, not only conformed themselves to the excitement and anxieties of their wild life, but grew, as with the cravings of a second nature, to require them. The strange charms of adventure neutralized all the abounding perils and the dismal frugality to which they exposed themselves. Men who could subsist for months on strips of raw hide and shreds of old moc-casins, with a dessert of bark and buds and lichens, and who

could swallow the greasy and loathsome offerings which Indian hospitality put into their mouths by the fingers of a grimy squaw, had had a marvellous training in endurance.

When La Salle's party, after thirty days of toil and exposure, reached Lake Ontario, every white man among them was suffering from some form of disease. When they had proceeded on their way as far as the Seneca village on the banks of the Genesee, expecting there to find guides for their farther course, La Salle found himself thwarted by the Jesuit Fremin, stationed at that village. But after a month's delay the route was resumed, under the guidance of an Indian from the head of the lake. Meeting here the famous Louis Joliet, returning from an unsuccessful attempt to explore the copper-mines of Lake Superior, a change of plans divided the party. Joliet persuaded the Sulpitian priests to undertake a mission to tribes on the Upper Lakes; and La Salle, glad to be left without hindrance in his own schemes, took advantage of his prostration by a fever to intimate a purpose of retracing his way, and allowed them to depart, after observing with them the rites of the Church. The priests' party, after a calamitous winter at the eastern extremity of Lake Erie, passed in the spring to its westerly shore, and made the first recorded passage of white men through the Straits of Detroit. Their object was by this route to join the trading tribes in their annual descent of the Ottawa to Montreal, and they accomplished it. Their missionary work was abandoned because of the loss of their baggage, including their altar-service, and because of the cold reception which they met from the Jesuits Dablon and Marquette, at Ste. Marie du Saut.

In the mean while La Salle, whose feigned purpose of returning to Montreal was simply a veil to cover his independent course, at once busied himself in active exploration, and certainly made important discoveries; though the exact direction and extent of these for the two following years are invested with mystery. La Salle kept journals and made maps which were known to be in the possession of his niece as late as 1656, but have not since been traced. From an unpublished paper, the contents of which purport to have been dictated by La Salle in Paris, as to the state of things in Canada previous to 1678, claims are advanced for him during each of these

two years, one of which Mr. Parkman credits, the other he thinks not sustained. The former is that he reached the Ohio, and followed it down to the falls at Louisville. Of this enterprise Mr. Parkman thinks there can be no reasonable doubt. But he discredits the assertion that in the latter of these two years La Salle penetrated to the Illinois and traced it to its mouth in the Mississippi, and then pursued the great river far enough to assure himself of its discharge into the Gulf of Mexico. If La Salle had thus gained priority over Joliet and Marquette, the rightful claimants to the discovery of the Mississippi, it is strange that neither he nor the officials of Canada should have announced the fact, as they did not. Our author thinks it possible that he reached the Illinois.

Leaving his main hero for an interval, Mr. Parkman devotes three chapters to the Jesuit Missions and trading schemes on the Lakes, the measures adopted for gaining possession of the West, and the enterprise and fortunes of Joliet and Marquette. The appalling fate visited upon the missions of the Jesuits among the Hurons, described in all its harrowing particulars in the author's preceding volume, "The Jesuits in North America," had turned the zeal of the Order in a new direction, and had impaired its simplicity. The Iroquois, the ruthless destroyers of the Hurons, were already too much under Dutch and English influence to offer a full field for that zeal, with the new element which mingled in it, though bold and active servants of the Order were at work among them. But their energy was now mainly turned to the tribes and territories and the fur-trade of the North and West, which they meant to bring under the sway of France. Objects of secular enterprise and thrift are now recognized in the *Relations* of the Order. Their two principal missions were at the extremities of Lake Superior.

Father Claude Allouez founded a mission at Green Bay. Our author's sketch of this mission is full of spirit and interest, with a touch of drollery. We believe that Allouez's name is not borne by any town or city of the West, though it has been assumed by a mining company. Is this significant of any traditionary estimate of the good father? There certainly is significance in the fact that while the first lay assistants of

the Jesuits, working for devotion, bore the epithet of *donnés*, or given men, their places were now mainly supplied by *engagés*, working for wages.

Talon, the Intendant of Canada, a bold and far-seeing man, had proposed to Louis XIV., through Colbert, a scheme — involving a purchase-payment to England, and the same to the Dutch or a war — which, had it been tried, might have given to France permanent empire in the New World. Failing in this proposition, he determined upon other measures. He sent an expedition in 1670, to be sustained by its profits in trade, under St. Lussou and the interpreter Perrot, one of the most remarkable of *voyageurs*, to search for copper-mines on Lake Superior, and to take formal possession of the whole country for the king. The object was accomplished so far as to secure at Saut Ste. Marie, on June 14, 1671, the setting up of the arms of France, with a proclamation, and a display of Indian and French rhetoric. The Governor and Intendant of Canada, both able men, but of irreconcilable relations and purposes, were recalled to France. The new Governor, Frontenac, accepted the advice of Talon, before he left, to appoint Louis Joliet agent of an expedition for tracing the Mississippi. This man, humbly born in Quebec in 1645, had received the minor orders of the Jesuits, but, though retaining friendly relations with the fathers, he had renounced his vocation, and become a fur-trader. Father Marquette, whom he was to meet at St. Ignace, Michilimackinac, was to accompany him. Marquette, one of the most noble and engaging of the class of men whose toils and buffetings are the staple of this volume, came of an honored French stock, and was now thirty-five years of age. He had mastered six of the Indian languages, and was one of the most devoted and single-hearted of the Jesuits in the type of piety that characterized them. The following extract brings him vividly before us : —

“ The traits of his character are unmistakable. He was of the brotherhood of the early Canadian missionaries, and the true counterpart of Garnier or Jogues. He was a devout votary of the Virgin Mary ; who, imaged to his mind in shapes of the most transcendent loveliness with which the pencil of human genius has ever informed the canvas, was to him the object of an adoration not unmingled with a sentiment of

chivalrous devotion. The longings of a sensitive heart, divorced from earth, sought solace in the skies. A subtle element of romance was blended with the fervor of his worship, and hung like an illumined cloud over the harsh and hard realities of his daily lot. Kindled by the smile of his celestial mistress, his gentle and noble nature knew no fear. For her he burned to dare and to suffer, discover new lands and conquer new realms to her sway." — p. 50.

And here is a graphic sketch, which follows the travellers after they had reached the mission at the head of Green Bay : —

"The travellers had no sooner reached the town than they called the chiefs and elders to a council. Joliet told them that the Governor of Canada had sent him to discover new countries, and that God had sent his companion to teach the true faith to the inhabitants ; and he prayed for guides to show them the way to the waters of the Wisconsin. The council readily consented ; and on the 10th of June the Frenchmen embarked again, with two Indians to conduct them. All the town came down to the shore to see their departure. Here were the Miamis, with long locks of hair dangling over each ear, after a fashion which Marquette thought very becoming ; and here, too, the Mascoutins and the Kickapoos, whom he describes as mere boors in comparison with their Miami townsmen. All stared alike at the seven adventurers, marvelling that men could be found to risk an enterprise so hazardous.

"The river twisted among lakes and marshes choked with wild rice ; and, but for their guides, they could scarcely have followed the perplexed and narrow channel. It brought them at last to the portage ; where, after carrying their canoes a mile and a half over the prairie and through the marsh, they launched them on the Wisconsin, bade farewell to the waters that flowed to the St. Lawrence, and committed themselves to the current that was to bear them they knew not whither, — perhaps to the Gulf of Mexico, perhaps to the South Sea or the Gulf of California. They glided calmly down the tranquil stream, by islands choked with trees and matted with entangling grape-vines ; by forests, groves, and prairies, — the parks and pleasure-grounds of a prodigal nature ; by thickets and marshes and broad bare sand-bars ; under the shadowing trees, between whose tops looked down from afar the bold brow of some woody bluff. At night, the bivouac, — the canoes inverted on the bank, the flickering fire, the meal of bison-flesh or venison, the evening pipes, and slumber beneath the stars ; and when in the morning they embarked again, the mist hung on the river like a

bridal-veil ; then melted before the sun, till the glassy water and the languid woods basked breathless in the sultry glare." — pp. 53–55.

They practised great caution in their advance ; making a fire on the shore to cook their rude supper, extinguishing it, paddling their canoes farther on, and anchoring in the stream, with a man on watch till morning. For more than a fortnight they met no trace of a human being. At last, following some footprints in the mud, the two fathers boldly walked on till they came to a village of the Illinois, where they were received in a friendly manner. The travellers, making the rest of their way with much exciting adventure and Indian hospitality, passed the mouth of the Illinois, and the muddy influx of the Missouri, the site of St. Louis, and the junction of the Ohio, the Beautiful River, and, having reached an Indian village below the mouth of the Arkansas, they took counsel. They had assured themselves that the Mississippi emptied into the Gulf of Mexico, which was still seven hundred miles below them, though they thought it much nearer. Fearing that the results of their discovery might be lost if they should be killed by the Indians or Spaniards, they concluded to return to Canada. On July 17 they began to paddle in the midsummer heat against the swift current, exposed to deadly exhalations. No wonder Marquette was seized with dysentery, and threw an intenser fervor into his invocations to his celestial mistress. The party reached Green Bay after an absence of four months, having paddled their canoes more than twenty-five hundred miles. Marquette, whose disease at times seemed to be checked, was compelled to stop during the winter and the next summer to recruit at Green Bay. A temporary revival of his vigor enabled him to renew his missionary work ; but his fate is thus touchingly told : —

"A few days after Easter he left the village, escorted by a crowd of Indians, who followed him as far as Lake Michigan. Here he embarked with his two companions. Their destination was Michilimackinac, and their course lay along the eastern borders of the lake. As, in the freshness of advancing spring, Pierre and Jacques urged their canoe along that lonely and savage shore, the priest lay, with dimmed sight and prostrated strength, communing with the Virgin and the angels. On the 19th of May he felt that his hour was near ; and, as they

passed the mouth of a small river, he requested his companions to land. They complied, built a shed of bark on a rising ground near the bank, and carried thither the dying Jesuit. With perfect cheerfulness and composure he gave directions for his burial, asked their forgiveness for the trouble he had caused them, administered to them the sacrament of penitence, and thanked God that he was permitted to die in the wilderness, a missionary of the faith and a member of the Jesuit brotherhood. At night seeing that they were fatigued, he told them to take rest, saying that he would call them when he felt his time approaching. Two or three hours after they heard a feeble voice, and, hastening to his side, found him at the point of death. He expired calmly, murmuring the names of Jesus and Mary, with his eyes fixed on the crucifix which one of his followers held before him. They dug a grave beside the hut, and here they buried him according to the directions which he had given them; then re-embarking, they made their way to Michilimackinac, to bear the tidings to the priests at the mission of St. Ignace." — pp. 70, 71.

The year was 1675. Joliet, on his way to Quebec, after leaving Marquette, met with one of those provoking mishaps which bring ruin after manifold perils and crises have been safely passed. His canoe was upset in the rapids of La Chine, two of his men and an Indian boy were drowned, all his papers were lost, and he himself barely escaped.

Mr. Parkman now recalls our thought from Marquette, "with clasped hands and upturned eyes, a figure evoked from some dim legend of mediæval saintship," to La Salle, "with feet firm planted on the hard earth, breathing the self-relying energies of modern practical enterprise." His vision embraced three great aims, — to open a passage through the West to India and China, to anticipate the English and Spanish in the monopoly of a mighty commerce, and to control the Mississippi by a fort at its mouth. He needed powerful patronage and money. The conditions on which he obtained these involved him in rival interests and many embarrassments. The Governor, Frontenac, was for personal ends in harmony with his projects, and his rich relatives, proud of their kinsman, furnished him money. Canada now lived on the fur-trade. Hence were developed a body of men, *coureurs de bois*, roaming with the Indians, and often as barbarous as they. The king interdicted this straggling from civilization, with its ir-

regularities, and enjoined the colonists to live and trade only in the settlements. His officials sought to impose these restrictions on others and on one another, while each evaded the spirit of it for himself. Perrot, Governor of Montreal, sent men into the woods for trade, which crossed the schemes of Frontenac, the Governor-General, who did the same. Perrot's goods came by the Ottawa. Frontenac, therefore, established a trading-post, under the name of a fort bearing his own name, on Lake Ontario. La Salle availed himself of this as his rendezvous. In the autumn of 1674 he went to France. With the help of his relatives and petitions to the king, he received the rank of an untitled noble, and the seignory of Fort Frontenac, built then of wood, at the king's charges. He was pledged there to form a French colony and to domesticate the Indians, through one or more Récollet friars, favored by Frontenac and La Salle as a part of their hostility to the Jesuits. Frontenac cared little for priests of any class, but La Salle, with strong religious feeling, had sincere reverence for the Church. Mr. Parkman draws shrewdly many suggestive hints from an anonymous memoir professedly written by one who had made the acquaintance of La Salle in Paris, in 1678, in which secret enmities and wiles are traced out, and an account is given of an attempt on the life of La Salle by poison,—an attempt which seems to have been made a second time. To make sure of his hold upon his seignory on Lake Ontario, he within two years rebuilt Fort Frontenac in solid stone, disposed the neighborhood according to his own ulterior views, and constructed four small decked vessels for trade and transit, still keeping himself well supplied with canoes. Again at the Court of France, in 1677, highly commended to the king, and in favor with the great Minister, Colbert, he received additional powers, and large advances of money from his rich relatives. The Western trade was freely opened to him, but he was interdicted the Ottawa trade at Montreal. He reached Canada again in July, 1678, with full supplies and thirty followers, among whom was his stanch lieutenant, Tonty, a man of nobleness and prowess, trusty and effective, though he had lost a hand.

Father Hennepin, whom La Salle met at Quebec, was over-

joyed when the privilege was granted him of joining the great expedition. This worthy Franciscan, though his imagination and vanity led him to trifle with the truth, had many excellent qualities. He was bold and adventurous, claiming equally a zeal for souls and a passion for wilderness travel. He was the historian of the expedition. Mr. Parkman assures us that "he often told the truth."

With the *Sieur de la Motte*, another of *La Salle's* more trusted but hardly trustworthy followers, *Hennepin* was sent ahead from *Fort Frontenac*, with sixteen men, in a little vessel of ten tons. *Hennepin*, with some of the party, ascended in a canoe as far as *Queenstown Heights*, and, roaming on to the banks of *Chippewa Creek*, they beheld, in as yet unprofaned solitudes, the great cataract. Their purpose was to build a fort at the mouth of the *Niagara*, and it was begun, though hot water was necessary to soften the frozen ground. In the mean while a visit was made, for prudential purposes, to the great village of the *Senecas*, and here again *Jesuit* influence was encountered. *La Salle* soon after followed. "This resolute child of misfortune had already begun to taste the bitterness of his destiny." He had left, in charge of a careless pilot, the vessel in which, with *Tonty*, he was bringing supplies to the advanced party. It was wrecked nine or ten leagues west of *Niagara*. Though the provisions and merchandise were lost, the crew saved the anchors and cables destined for another vessel which *La Salle* proposed to build above the falls. The misfortune disheartened the party, and caused dissensions. *La Motte* returned to *Canada*, and others who had been tampered with by *La Salle's* enemies faltered. *La Salle* himself now, as always, confronted cruel disappointment, and locked his griefs, as also his confidence, in his own breast.

The small craft was drawn ashore by a capstan, and the heavy lading, first lifted to the steep heights above *Lewiston*, was transported by some thirty men twelve miles, across snowy plains and through dense forests. Mr. Parkman, after a thorough personal examination of a controverted point, decides that *Cayuga Creek* is the spot where was built the first vessel for the navigation of the *Upper Lakes*. It was hard winter work, this building of a vessel of forty-five tons on the edge of the

wilderness, with Indians threatening to burn it. During its progress La Salle walked back to his fort to get supplies, and to pacify his creditors. Two men attended him, and a dog dragged his baggage through the snow-bound forest, for two hundred and fifty miles. A bag of parched corn was their food, which wholly failed them two days before they reached the fort, on Lake Ontario. In La Salle's absence Tonty finished the vessel, which was launched in the spring of 1679, with the singing of the *Te Deum*, the discharge of cannon, and the shouts and yells of French and Indians, stimulated by brandy. The amazed natives looked on as she was towed out at a safe distance from their firebrands and tomahawks. "Five small cannon looked out from her portholes, and on her prow was carved a portentous monster, the Griffin, whose name she bore in honor of the armorial bearings of Frontenac. La Salle had often been heard to say that he would make the griffin fly above the crows; in other words, make Frontenac triumph over the Jesuits." It was not till August that La Salle, bringing with him three more friars, came up to see the moored vessel. He had encountered more disasters from enemies and creditors, but his stoicism supported him.

Thirty-four voyagers embarked, and on August 7th the Griffin ploughed the waves of Lake Erie with the first sails ever spread on its waters. Well supplied with game, and enjoying the scenery, Hennepin, while passing through the Straits of Detroit, writes: "Those who will one day have the happiness to possess this pleasant and fertile strait will be very much obliged to those who have shown them the way." A furious storm on Lake Huron wellnigh wrecked ship and hope, but St. Anthony of Padua, under the promise of a chapel, came to the rescue, and at last, peacefully reposing behind the point of St. Ignace, the Griffin fired a salute in the ears of yelping Indians and scowling Jesuits. The adventurers heard mass in the bark chapel of an Ottawa village. "La Salle knelt before the altar, in a mantle of scarlet, bordered with gold. Soldiers, sailors, and artisans knelt around him, black Jesuits, gray Récollets, swarthy *voyageurs*, and painted savages; a devout but motley concourse."

In the previous autumn La Salle had sent a party in advance,

for trade and preparation, to the Illinois. These had been tampered with, and failed him. He soon sailed on to Green Bay, where, breaking his covenant, he laded his vessel with furs from the forbidden region, and sent the Griffin back to Niagara to satisfy his creditors. She was never to reach her destination, and a mystery hangs over her fate. She had on board the rigging and anchors for another vessel, which La Salle had intended to build on the Mississippi, and she was to have returned through the Lakes with supplies, after the voyage on which he had dismissed her.

La Salle resumed his western course early in September, with fourteen men, in four canoes deeply laden with a forge, tools, merchandise, and arms. Amid many perils from wind, water, and Indians, they circled the southern shore of Lake Michigan, Father Hennepin, with his brother friars, Zenobe Membré, and Gabriel Ribourde, narrowly escaping drowning, under somewhat ludicrous circumstances. Finally reaching the mouth of the St. Joseph, La Salle, after a tedious delay and a threatened mutiny, was rejoined by Tonty, and then on the 3d of December, 1679, with forebodings of the fate of the Griffin in the storm which he had himself encountered, he committed himself with his whole party, thirty-three in number, in eight canoes, to the dreary current of the St. Joseph. A portage of five miles brought them to the upper waters of the Kankakee and the Illinois. They kept a wary watch for Indians, and La Salle, who had a wonderful power over the natives, acted discreetly in conciliating such parties of them as he encountered. His own men caused him even greater anxiety, for the lawless spirit of the wilderness came over them. The qualities which fitted them for their enterprise made them also reckless and insubordinate. Many of them, being outlaws and desperadoes, were tempted to resist discipline, to drop off from their fellows, to shirk the dismal labor of their trappings, and to seek a fuller license by scattering themselves among the Indians, who readily gave them harborage. Doubtless in some cases this mischief was compensated by providing among these *coureurs de bois*, savage whites and half-breeds, a certain sort of pioneers of civilization, and interpreters of unwritten tongues.

La Salle, still waiting for supplies by the Griffin, determined to fortify himself for the winter on the Illinois. The site of this rude stronghold, which was called Fort Crèvecoeur, may still be seen, a little below Peoria. It was reared in a spirit of sustained hopefulness, but disaster and sorrow — the shadows that constantly overhung the plans and the fate of its founder — were to be its record in the chronicle. The intrepid commander resolved to retrace his way through the winter wilderness to his lake fort, in order to provide the longed-for equipments of his river vessel, with which he hoped to find his way to the West Indies. Before he set out he saw the hull of the ship nearly completed on the stocks, and leaving her and her builders under the charge of the faithful Tonty, and sending Hennepin with two companions to explore the Illinois to its mouth, he himself, with four Frenchmen and an Indian, started on the 2d of March, 1680, for Fort Frontenac. On his arduous way, amid all conceivable hardships and risks, his attention was attracted to the remarkable river cliff, called the Starved Rock, and he sent back word to Tonty to make it his stronghold in any emergency. After travelling sixty-five days, over a course of a thousand miles, “the most arduous journey ever made by Frenchmen in America,” La Salle, alone of his party, reached his destination on the 6th of May. It was only to learn of new losses for his shattered fortunes, and soon after to receive tidings of destruction, mutiny, and desertion at Fort Crèvecoeur, that this fated man arrived again in Canada. Again he made his way, by the northern route, to the Illinois country for the rescue of Tonty, and there he was a witness of the awful desolation of Indian warfare. Mr. Parkman furnishes us an appalling description of its horrors, and is at pains to reproduce for us the great Indian Illinois town. An episode gives us the adventures of the lugubrious and boastful Hennepin, the false and the true, on the Upper Mississippi and among the Sioux. We have an admirable description of the first view by white men of a stampede of buffaloes, with much other information respecting the scenery and influence of the freshly opened depths of the wilderness.

La Salle had to begin anew. With the courage of which only natures like his are capable, he kept despondency at bay,

and faced the lowering future under the burden of crushing debts and baffled endeavors. He formed a scheme for colonizing the tribes of the Illinois in a defensive league, with himself at the head, to keep the Iroquois at bay, and to secure trade. His first ready allies were refugees at Fort Miami from the New England and Virginia Indian wars.

After making some progress in this scheme, helped by his own indomitable energy and fertility of resource, he again made his toilsome return to Fort Frontenac, once more with partial success to recover from misfortune, bankruptcy, and treachery. In the November of 1681 we find him with his canoes and other followers again leaving the Lake waters of the West for the tributary streams of the Great River, and exerting his skill for the Indian league. This time he succeeds, and makes his way, amid perils which required all his address, to the salt water, and there, at the mouth of the Mississippi, he erects the arms of France, and by solemn proclamation, accompanied by the *Te Deum*, and other religious rites, he takes formal possession of the country in the name of Louis XIV. This was to be the fulness of his triumph. So far his success was to reach, the reward of high, persistent manliness, fortitude, and consecrated resolve; he thought this success, however, was but a stage in the fulfilment of further great purposes. In these, without fault or folly of his own, he was to be miserably thwarted. Ascending the Mississippi he was prostrated by dangerous disease. He planted his fort, St. Louis of the Illinois, on the Starved Rock; and as he had been foiled in his purpose of having a ship built on the river, he had still once more to traverse the now familiar route to Canada, and then to sail for France.

We find this man of the wilderness—for sixteen years wonted to “crag, forest, and prairie, squalid wigwams and naked savages”—standing amid the glittering masquerade of the French court, and announcing “what he had achieved in words of energetic simplicity, more impressive than all the tinsel of rhetoric.” Count Frontenac, who in his turn had been recalled, was his friend, and he had others. He needed all of them, for he had enemies too, and the complications and rivalries of the trading interest in furs, stronger than relig-

ious zeal, threatened to result in a sacrifice even of the ends of empire. It was La Salle's aim in his memorial to secure abundant royal patronage, to sail with a fleet to the Gulf of Mexico, to fortify the mouth of the Mississippi, and to hold the river and its trade for France. To give the interest of excitement and profit to his great enterprise, he set it forth as the means for driving out the Spaniards and mastering the wealth of Mexico. Four vessels were furnished him, with stores, ordnance, and ammunition, and a company, including soldiers, sailors, priests, and colonists, of about two hundred and eighty. The hope of the deserving leader mounted high, but it was an ill-starred enterprise, discordant in its elements, with rankling jealousies entering into its preliminary stages and organization, having two authoritative managers, and woefully guided into disasters and absolute ruin. The narrative is one of those so sadly abounding in the wearisome annals of human history, in which catastrophes, wrecks, baffled plans, and broken hearts express to us the conditions through which the world gathers all its greater gains.

Beaujeu, a captain of the royal navy, to whom was committed the naval command of the expedition, proved unaccommodating and finally doggedly and bitterly hostile to La Salle, parting from him at last in the extremity of his need and failure in the Gulf by a deed whose meanness exceeded its treachery. On the way, after delays, a smothered quarrel, and a putting back for repairs, they stopped at a West India port, to learn the loss of one of their four vessels. Here, too, La Salle, attacked with a violent and nearly fatal fever, was tormented and driven into a relapse by dissensions, which hardly stopped short of absolute mutiny. They had left France on the 1st of August, 1684, provisioned, as Beaujeu affirmed, for only six months. It was near the end of November before La Salle could resume the voyage. But a formal courtesy, and that shown mainly on his part, thinly veiled the feud that rankled between him and his fellow-commander. With little regard for the Spanish decree which shut the Gulf of Mexico against all foreigners, and under real peril because not a single man in the expedition knew anything of the navigation of its waters, they held a northerly course on entering it, and on December

28th saw land from the mast-head. Misled by an exaggerated allowance for the force of the easterly currents, they went too far westward. La Salle had taken the latitude of the mouth of the Mississippi, but could not determine its longitude. He believed that he had passed its mouth on the 6th of January, and urged Beaujeu to go back. But that truculent commander, insisting upon the insufficiency of his provisions for his return voyage, refused to linger any longer. La Salle, mistaking Matagorda Bay in Texas for one of the western mouths of the Mississippi, made a landing there, and thus fixed the fate of his enterprise. His name is borne by the place where he disembarked. Beaujeu returned to France with one of three remaining vessels; the other two were wrecked on the sand-bars. There is evidence that Beaujeu sought, in his homeward course, for the mouth of the Mississippi, that he found it and made a map of it, leaving his ill-omened associate to his mistake, with all its harrowing consequences. It remained only for La Salle to duplicate his Illinois Fort by Fort St. Louis of Texas, gather from his stranded vessels what could be saved of their precious cargoes, and then, by weary and fruitless and perilous journeys of exploration, discover his fatal error. Even then he did not quail nor sink. His elasticity and energy, his self-reliance, and the magnetism of his influence, still sustained him and kept a remnant of his followers faithful to him. But it is a woful story from this point to the end. We prefer that our readers should follow it for themselves in Mr. Parkman's sympathetic and all too faithful and melancholy minuteness of detail. They will hardly peruse with unmoistened eye the narrative of La Salle's assassination and the tragic rehearsal of the fortunes of his followers.

As we have sketched a portion of the contents of this volume, our comments have been frequent and distinct enough to indicate our high estimate of the importance of Mr. Parkman's theme, and of the ability with which he has treated it. Roaming with his inquisitive eye and with his thoroughly furnished mind amid the scenes through which he traces the course of pioneer adventures, he has so sympathetically entered into their schemes and experiences, that he has been able to look

aside from the modern aspects of those scenes, and to behold them as they presented themselves to the men whose story he tells. La Salle, we fully believe, would give his approval to the rehearsal and interpretation of his own plans; and would be satisfied with the estimate of his own character, a noble and profoundly appreciative portraiture, — not an eulogium or a panegyric, — which our author has presented in these pages. Our national literature has, as yet, received few abler or more attractive contributions than are contained in Mr. Parkman's volumes.

GEORGE ELLIS.

- ART. III. — 1. CARL VOGT, *Vorlesungen über den Menschen, etc.* Giessen. 1863. DR. ERNST HÆCKEL, *Natürliche Schöpfungsgeschichte.* Berlin. 1868.
2. DR. L. BÜCHNER, *Sechs Vorlesungen über die Darwin'sche Theorie.* Leipzig. 1868. FRITZ MÜLLER, *Für und Wider Darwin.* Leipzig. 1864.

It is remarkable that the majority of the discoveries and contributions in the great scientific discussion of the day — that on the Development Theory and the Origin of the different forms of life — should have been made almost exclusively during the last fifteen years in England; France having contributed almost nothing to it, and Germany taking up now what England has long since begun. In the French scientific world, the overpowering influence of Cuvier and his "Cataclysm-theory," as well as of his famous discussion before the Paris Academy, in 1830, with Geoffroy de St. Hilaire, on the "Changeability of Species," has been to transfer the question of the formation of species to the region of transcendental speculation, and to leave France from that day to this entirely outside of "the great argument."

In Germany, it was reserved for a poet to give the first indication of the main scientific drift of this half-century. Goethe, who was philosopher as well as poet, in his treatises upon the Metamorphosis of Plants and the Laws of Organization, and his Introduction to Comparative Anatomy (1793), pointed distinctly